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# THE PRICKED EAR

Rain on a spring day:  
To the grove is blown a letter  
Someone threw away

Issa

Vol. VI  
Ed.: R.C. Emerson

Staff: Dolan, Gott, Morse  
Mulherin, Nemitz, Phelps

No. 13  
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## SPEAKING OF COUNSELLING

Last Thursday in Richards House Counselors' Lounge Dean Campbell spoke to a group of counselors and Gryphon elects on the real place of the Gryphon Society in the counselling program. In the discussion it was first pointed out the completely contingent nature of the Gryphon Society; that it exist historically and presently only to serve the goals of the counselling program. The debate considered how well and in what ways the Gryphon Society is fulfilling this function. It was pointed out that the equating factor between the Gryphon Society and the counselling program is the importance of the qualities of the individual counselor working in his section. The function of the Society is to provide a framework in which this individual counselor can become a more effective person, and it is proposed to do this by presenting the challenge of self-government, the opportunity for professional development, the stimulation of cultural exposure, and, not least in importance, the social interchange between men of like interests. Within the Gryphon Society, a good counselor can multiply his influence by affecting his fellow Gryphons, who then by a chain reaction carry his influence back to the freshman in an ever widening circle. The opportunity for this peer association among Gryphons is provided, in part, by the opportunities in the Gryphon social program. Although the last link in this chain, the rapport between a counselor and his freshman, is unequivocally the most important, the wonderful potentialities of the multiplicative spread of influence must not be ignored. This coming Year of the Gryphon IV is predicted to be one in which the well demonstrated vitality of the Gryphon Society will work to fulfill the total professional requirements of the all important individual counselor.

D.M.

## POPS CONCERT PARTY

The Gryphon pledges are planning a lively party after the Pops Concert on this coming Saturday, and they would like to have all of the Gryphons attending. The place is Park House, and Mr. & Mrs. Henry P. (Red) Campbell of the Phys. Ed. Department will chaperone.

Pops Concert starting time is 8:15 P.M. (you'll have to get your own tickets), and the party starts at 9:30.

According to chairman Doug Benner, all kinds of food, soda, and beer will be on hand. Music will be by the best bands in the land (recorded, of course!). Dates can be arranged by seeing Jerry Eaton, Richards 316, on or before Tuesday night. (We hear he has excellent taste in women.)

So lets all get together at Park House for a lively time, and the final party of this year's social calendar.

Jim Rice

## SUMMER JOBS IN THE SUN!

Two jobs as Counsellors in a co-ed camp are available this summer. Camp is situated on Chesapeake Bay and caters to children between 7 years and 16 years. Counsellors are college students. One should emerge at the end of the summer tanned, healthy, with \$250 in savings and with 3 or 4 tearful girl friends bidding him to return to them (so Bob Stebbins said!) If at all interested contact G.N.D.E., Box 791, UN 6-8381.

## NOTICES

Softball game Tuesday vs. A-2 same time same place-- last game.

Short Ex. Bd. meeting 7:30 Tuesday in the Dravo Lounge.

Gryphon Banquet Thursday 5:30 P.M.

All Gryphon meeting 10 P.M. Thursday in the R.H.C.L. The attendance of all Gryphons and Gryphon-elects is expected.

To round out the Gryphon Banquet calendar this year, we will hold the third annual Spring Gryphon Banquet on Wednesday, May 18 at 6:00 P.M. in the usual place. Since the extra cost of the meal will be paid by the Society, everyone who cannot attend should tell John Rettew or Si Morse by this Friday, May 13. Entertainment will be provided.

Firstcall to claim Lehigh pencil or cartridge pen found in R.H.C.L., see R.C.E.



Last call to claim pen found in Drinker House C.L., see Dave Phelps.

Dravo: the following Dravo Counselors will have their meals paid for finals up to \$2.25 per day: Gordon, Long, Masuda, Nemitz, Wolfgang. All other Senior Counselors whose contracts run till June 3 may leave after their exams.

Richards House Meeting, Monday, 10:30 P.M. A senior member of Residence Halls Council will lead a discussion designed to consider ideas on bettering R.H.C.-Counselors relationships. Any counselor from Dravo, Drinker, or Park is very welcome to join us.

On 16th of May, Dean Gilbert Houtoulec will meet with counsellors who will discuss with him the development of the counselling program at Lafayette, making comparisons with the situation at Lehigh.

Time: 7:30 P.M. - lasting an hour.

Place: Richards Counselors' Lounge.

All counselors are invited to be present at what promises to be a most stimulating discussion.

Drinker House meeting tonight (Monday) at 8:00 in Tom Gott's room.

#### ACTIVITIES STUDY SURVEY SHEETS

Jim Rice, as a Gryphon, requests your cooperation on a survey being done in connection with a social psychology course. Each counselor will receive five copies of a survey sheet, which should be given to 5 randomly selected freshmen in your section. In the case of two counselor sections, the counselors should randomly select 10 freshmen. Please note: It is important that you use random selection. Examples follow: Put names of all section members in a hat and give a questionnaire to the first five names drawn. Another technique is to list all section members by alphabetical order or by order of room numbers, and select the first five of every n'th person distributed evenly through the section.

It is desirable that the counselor give the questionnaire to the freshmen himself, asking the questions and recording their answers.

Completed survey sheets will be distributed Tuesday or Wednesday and will be picked up between 9:00 and 11:00 P.M. on Thursday, May 12. Your cooperation will be appreciated very much. See J. Rice if you have any questions.

Mr Taylor  
Library



# T H E P R I C K E D E A R

A Special Issue: Poetry

|                   |                                    |             |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|-------------|
| Vol. VI           | Contributors: Emerson, Gott, Morse | No. 13      |
| Ed.: R.C. Emerson | LaPara, Nichols, Orser             | May 5, 1960 |

Robert Emerson

Why do you run around in circles,  
Clattering, scattering little leaves?  
Don't you have any destination either?

\*\*\*

Cool, fleeting pinpricks,  
This morning so refreshing...  
Windblown April rain.

\*\*\*

Woe! poor cherry tree,  
Stricken in your purest garb...  
Merciless lightning.

\*\*\*

Tom Gott

This piece was not written by Tom but appeared in the Brown and White on October 4, 1955. The author is unknown, but the topic:

## Ode to Red Tape

At the head of the division of provision for revision  
Stood a man of prompt decision, Merton Quirk;  
Ph.D. in pathogenics, PDQ in calisthenics,  
He had just the proper background for the work.

From the pastoral aroma of Aloma, Oklahoma  
With a pittance of a salary in hand,  
His acceptance had been whetted, even aided and abetted  
By emolument that promised some five grand.

So with energy ecstatic this fanatic left his attic  
And hurried on to Washington, D.C.  
Where with verve and vim and vigor he went hunting for the nigger  
In the woodpile of the WPB

After months of patient process, Merton's spicular proboscis  
Had unearthed a reprehensible hiatus.  
In reply by Blair and Blair, to his 13th Questionnaire  
In connection with the inventory status,

They had written, "Your directive, when effective, was defective  
In its ultimate objective, and what's more,  
Neolithic hieroglyphic is to us much more specific  
Than this drivel you keep dumping at our door."

This sacrilege discovered, Merton fainted, but recovered  
Sufficiently to write, "We are convinced,  
That sabotage is camouflaged behind perverted persiflage  
Expect me on the 22nd inst."

But first he sent a checker, and then a checker's checker;  
Still, nothing was disclosed as being wrong.  
So a checker's checker's checker went to check the checker's checker  
And the process was laborious and long.

Then followed a procession of the follow-up profession  
Through the records of the firm of Blair and Blair.  
From his breakfast until supper, some new super-follow-upper  
Tore his hair because of Merton's Questionnaire.

Now the case is closed, "completed", but our hero, undefeated,  
Carries on in some department as before;  
But our victory came in sight, not because of, but in spite  
Of Merton's mighty efforts in the War.





Silas Morse

Yellow dying sun,  
Trees black, blue-shadowed on snow--  
Caught outside smeared glass.

White-masked winter sun  
Dimly lights the swirling snow...  
Day never begins.

'Neath summer-blue sky  
Swirl autumn leaves, winter-cold...  
How disordered, Nature!

Pulsing summer dark;  
Insects chirp, near, far. Inside,  
Lamp's glow, friend's letter.

\*\*\*

I want that it shall be  
I want that it has been  
Eternal dual conflict:  
To have done with  
Is to sacrifice eager agony of anticipation.  
Waiting capped with bitter disappointing  
Is, showing finality,  
Greater comfort far  
Than hopeful unresolvedness.  
Security in acutality;  
Yet, life without possibleness,  
Whence the magic?

\*\*\*

#### Intellectual Discussion

The word-war whirls  
From phrase to phrase,  
Slighting concepts with half-sentences,  
Haggling cliches syllable by syllable.  
Now advance to forth-right generality,  
Hastily retreat from encircling exactitudes;  
Exult in triumphant overwhelming incontrovertibility,  
Only by careless word to recombine compatriots  
Into stonily opposing wall  
Of absolute certainty.  
So the battle rages, until, ego-satisfied,  
The contenders quell their verbal exorbitances, and,  
Mentally reconstructing arguments, depart  
Into the world,  
No more, nor  
Less.

\*\*\*

David Nichols

Piled high, they sit there  
Screaming, pleading, wanting use.  
Our trouble is simple:  
We memorize our books,  
A poor substitute for education.

\*\*\*

People write poems to express themselves  
And then are ashamed of the expression.  
Man loves to probe the unknown,  
But doesn't like to find it.

\*\*\*



Symbols, symbols everywhere  
And ne'er a person showing.  
What is it that we try to hide  
To keep our friends from knowing?

Grey flannel suits have been replaced  
By subtle blues and greens.  
Who is it that we will impress  
In all the time we're seen?

We walk about in all this dress  
With measured slouch and gait  
And talk the way we're s'posed to talk.  
What need are we trying to satiate?

\*\*\*

Nicholas LaPara

A bird perched on my sill today  
And fluted from his feathered throat  
Note on note  
That filtered through my sleep-bathed mind  
Like rain that cleans the dusty air.

\*\*\*

The little ones are here today;  
The snow has brought them 'round.  
I'm glad I own the hill in town  
That's suited best for sled.  
They know (if think of me at all  
They do) I'm peeping now  
Behind the blind to see them course  
From tree to wall. It's good  
I left a hay-heap there. The boys  
Will soon expect me out.  
My ancient sled will make them laugh  
Again-- It used to be  
Much faster than my friends'-- Well, sled  
Is old, but winter's still  
The same. No other "beards" than I,  
I see, will brave the slope--  
A shame. A boy's the master of  
The art of play. We all  
Might use a little more of that,  
I guess, but eager on  
Our growing up, we buy too dear  
An adult sese, and just  
Forget the younger truth.

\*\*\*

A Snow Lover

I wish the far-off clank and growl  
Of city plows set out to prowl  
For social good, might keep away;  
Forget our dead-end street today.

\*\*\*

Wesley Orser

When the sun comes out, and the weather's warm  
When peace lies over all and the world is fair  
I have to leave the comforts of the norm  
And climb to the hillcrest to get some air.

It's quiet up there, but the world's alive  
And there I ponder all I see  
I look down and see the valley thrive  
I think of what's to come, and what I'll be.



The birds twitter, but it's still quiet.  
I hear the silence screaming out.  
It makes a rumble in my ears.  
My entire soul is filled with doubt.

A storm approaches with heavy steps  
The world is cold, the wind blows chill  
My dream lies broken, and I know  
That death is treading towards my hill.

The rain falls hard, the wind goes mad  
Nature and I exult and howl  
Tumult rises in the soul  
Its quietness becomes a growl

It's cold and dark, all hope is dead  
The sky's a banshee, going wild  
But suddenly my being gives a shout  
Peace returns-- like an innocent child.

The storm is over, dawn will come  
The sun casts harbingers o'er the hills  
My victory eclipses his, for  
I have answered all my ills.

Have you a problem, a painful wound?  
(I see all of Humanity nod.)  
Then climb to the crest, each has his own  
You too can find the temple--  
And if you're a Theist, who knows what else?

